

What necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne part, I must needs confesse, I haue receyued some small kindnesse from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mistooke him, and sent to me, I should ne're haue denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruilius. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue sweet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Luci. Seruilius? You are kindly met sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Seruilius. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent

Luci. Ha? what ha's he sent? I am so much endeared to that Lord; hee's euer sending: how shall I thank him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Seruilius. Has onely sent his present Occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant vse with so many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Seruilius. But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous,

I should not vrge it halfe so faithfully.

Luci. Dost thou speake seriously Seruilius?

Seruilius. Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beast was I to disfigure my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I should Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? Seruilius, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vse Lord Timon my selfe, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Seruilius, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

Seruilius. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruilius.

Luci. Hee looke you out a good turne Seruilius. True as you said, Timon is shrunke indeede, And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Exit.

1 Do you obserue this Hostilitie?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds soule, And iust of the same peece Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing Timon has bin this Lords Father, And kept his credit with his purse: Supported his estate, nay Timons money Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinckes, But Timons Silver treads vpon his Lip, And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man, When he looks out in an vngratefull shape; He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggers.
3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted Timon in my life Nor came any of his bounties ouer me, To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest, For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue, And Honourable Carriage, Had his necessity made vse of me, I would haue put my wealth into Donation, And the best halfe should haue return'd to him, So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue, Men must learne now with pittie to dispence, For Policy sits aboue Conscience.

Exit.

Enter a third servant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum. Boue all others?

He might haue tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus, And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these Owes their estates vnto him.

Ser. My Lord, They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettie, For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him? Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'de him, And does he send to me? Three? Humh?

It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him. Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicians)

Thriue, gree him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me? Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him, That might haue knowne my place. I see no sence for't, But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:

For in my conscience, I was the first man That ere receiued guilt from him.

And does he thinke so backwardly of me now, That he requite it last? No:

So it may proue an Argument of Laughter To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords be thought a Foole;

I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe, Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:

I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne, And with their faint reply, this answer ioine;

Who bates raine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. Exit.

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How fairly this Lord strives to appeare soule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead, Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards Many a bounteous yeere, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their Master:

And this is all a liberall course allowes, Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keepe his house. Exit.

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow Titus & Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you kinde Varro.

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all. For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir Philotus too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord scene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seauen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:

You must consider, that a Prodigall course

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:

Tis deepest Winter in Lord Timons purse, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. He shew you how 'obserue a strange euent:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, hee doe's.

Tit. And he weares Jewels now of Timons guilt,

For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is against my heart.

Luci. Marke how strange it shewes,

Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:

And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,

The Gods can witness:

I know my Lord hath spent of Timons wealth,

And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:

What's yours?

Luci. Five thousand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th' sum

Your Masters confidence was about mine,

Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timons men.

Luci. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled (diligent.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, sir?

2 Varro. By your leaue, sir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.

Stew. If Money were as certaine as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then preffer'd you not your summes and Billes

When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?

Then they could smile, and sawne vpon his debts,

And take downe th' Interest into their gluttonous Mawes.

You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,

Let me passe quietly:

Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,

I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not serue.

Stew. If't will not serue For you serue Knaues.

1 Varro. How? What mutter?

2 Varro. No matter what uenge enough. Who can has no house to put his he great buildings.

Enter

Tit. Oh heere's Seruilius answer.

Seru. If I might beleeue some other houre, I should of my soule, my Lord learne His comfortable temper of health, and keepe his

Luci. Many do keepe And if it be so farre beyon Me thinks he should the And make a cleere way to

Seruilius. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take

Flaminius within. Seruilius

Enter Timon

Tim. What, are my do Have I bin cuer free, and Be my retentive Enemy? The place which I haue E (Like all Mankind) they

Luci. Put in now Tit

Tit. My Lord, heere i

Luci. Here's mine.

1 Var. And mine, my

2 Var. And ours, my

Phil. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me down

Girdle.

Luci. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in

Tit. Mine, fifty Talen

Tim. Tell out my bl

Luci. Five thousand C

Tim. Five thousand

What yours? and yours?

1 Var. My Lord.

2 Var. My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take

Hort. Faith I perceiue

caps at their money, these

rate ones, for a madman

Enter

Timon. They haue e

slaves. Creditors? Due

Stew. My deere Lord

Tim. What if it shou

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. He haue it so.

Stew. Heere my Lord

Tim. So fitly? Go, I

Lucius, Lucullus, and S

He once more fealt the F

Stew. O my Lord, yo

sted soule; there's not

derate Table.